Laid

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Laid

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Short fic for #SpookySlick Fest 2020
~~Mpreg~~ / Oviposition / ~~Creature from the Deep~~

Two lonely souls find each other.

Will dangled his feet over the decking, the warm waters swirling around as he looked up at the night sky and tried to forget about it all. About school and the bullies and just life in general in this shitty town.

He hadn't wanted to go to the Halloween party anyway. And once he realised that he, the runty little omega loser, had only been invited as a joke, he'd laughed it off.

With a sigh he stood, and started back along the jetty and towards his house. He'd been out long enough to be able to pretend to his dad that he'd been at the party and just come home early. At least he could try and save face on that account.

Will wasn't so lost in his thoughts that he didn't hear the sound. The gentle lapping of the water was suddenly a churning tide. He looked down and saw the waves that had appeared as though a boat had sailed past, but there was nothing there.

Probably a gator, Will figured, thinking nothing more of it as he returned to his house.

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Turns out Will had worried over nothing with his dad, who had been passed out drunk in front of the TV when he returned. He turned off the set and covered his dad in a blanket before heading to his room.

He stripped down to his underwear and climbed between the cool sheets, happy to let sleep take him at the end of this hideous day.

Will wasn't sure how long he'd slept when the noise woke him.

A thud as though something had fallen down. Will immediately sat up in bed, his eyes drawn to his window. It was open much wider than when he'd gone to bed, and the light breeze was moving the thin curtains. Not enough of a gust to have blown the window open.

When he heard the scurrying sound, Will wondered at first if a racoon or opossum had climbed in, but then he saw it.

There was another scurrying sound as a huge, dark shape, scuttled across the room and under his bed.

A gator?

Will's heart was thundering in his chest and he sat frozen to the spot, not daring to move. He knew he should try and call out to his dad, but his throat was dry. And he didn't want to make a run for it for fear of the creature under his bed catching him.

It couldn't be a gator, surely?

Will was almost tempted to try and look under the bed. And then he heard the low, deep chuckle.

Will clenched his jaw. Wasn't it enough for those assholes to have humiliated him in front of the whole school when they told him he had only been invited to the party as a joke? Now they were trying to scare him in his own home? It was fucked up.

"Is that you Chilton, you asshole." Will growled the words meant for the slutty omega that seemed to have half the school twisted around his fingers.

Will peaked over the side of the bed, not seeing the tentacle that emerged behind him and wrapped quickly and tightly around his waist.

"Oh, we've not been formally introduced," The voice from under the bed was charming and terrifying. And for some reason that Will didn't want to try and unpack, titillating. "My name is Hannibal."

Unsure what else to do, Will replied, "Um, hi? I'm W-"

"Oh I know who you are, sweet boy." the tentacle wrapped around him, not loosening in the least but somehow managing to caress most of Will's body at once. "I always enjoy your visits to my jetty. It can be a lonely place to dwell."

"Um," Will started uncertain, "I'm, um, sorry to hear that." How did you address the monster under your bed?

"I have considered for some time that what might be fulfilling for me, and relieve some of my loneliness and boredom, would be to have children."

Will swallowed, hesitating to ask whether the monster meant as company or to eat.

"I've just been waiting for a suitable incubator," The soft voice was so charming that it took a moment for Will to catch the words.

"Wait? In-incubator?" Will asked, fear now accompanied by a new kind of anxiety.

"A short term arrangement I assure you, only a day or so." As the creature spoke it rose from under the bed.

Will wondered if in some way this might be what someone might call a mermaid. Not half-fish, but the man was clearly aquatic. He looked like something from the Black Lagoon, only more human. He was naked, but his skin looked like leathery light green scales, and the long, thin tentacle along with a few others of varying sizes emanated from his crotch, sprouting between his thick thighs. His hands were webbed and ended with reptile-like claws. Will was sure his feet looked like this too, but he couldn't see that far and was frozen to the spot, and therefore not in a position to check.

"Would you be amenable?" Hannibal asked, and Will had to admit he was, bizarrely, quite charmed.

The omega shook his head, "What are you doing to me? Some kind of pheromones?"

Hannibal let out a chuckle. "Oh, sweet boy, nothing like that. I would say that there are some of your kind with a propensity to be attracted to those of mine. I knew from my own attraction to you that you were one of those. And with so few of my own kind, I cannot be fussy about who would carry my young." Hannibal lowered himself onto the bed over Will and caressed his face, "Though it is no hardship, being attracted to you."

Will whimpered. He hadn't meant to but the touch sent a spark through him, right down to his increasingly slick sex.

He had no idea if he wanted to be an incubator for this creature, if he took the time to think about it, then he probably didn't. But he could absolutely not deny his attraction and the desire to feel the creature inside him.

"I don't think-" Will started, but was cut off with a cold finger against his lips.

"Shh, no need to fret. If you say no, I will leave."

There was a moment of silence, in which Will bit his tongue trying not to beg the creature to stay. He was so painfully aroused, and it felt like their shared loneliness gave them a connection that Will hadn't realised he'd craved.

So what if experiencing that connection, sating his arousal, also meant carrying a clutch of eggs for the creature?

Will didn't reply verbally, instead he stopped resisting and spread his legs with a whimper.

With a hum of satisfaction, the creature moved between Will's legs as he stroked a hand over Will's cheek.

"So beautiful, you will be all the more so when carrying my young." Hannibal muttered as he began to slowly and gently pull down Will's underwear.

Will shuddered, panting as he writhed under the cold scales. He was shaking with an anxious need, his stomach roiling as he ached to be filled.

The omega had only had two heats since he'd presented almost two years ago, and had little to compare it to. But even so, it felt almost like that. The way his body responded and the

instinctive desperation.

When Hannibal leaned down and pressed his chill lips to Will's, Will writhed and arched.

Hannibal let out a soft chuckle.

"So receptive, how wonderful." The creature muttered, stroking a hand down Will's side even as Will felt the tentacles start roaming over him. One stroked his thigh, another curled and uncurled on his stomach. The thickest probed at Will's increasingly wet sex, sliding against his folds, nudging his small omegan cock.

Will bit back a sob at the sensations. He was a virgin and this felt nothing like the toys that had seen him through his heats. But with the cold scales rough against him, warming slightly with the prolonged contact, Will was sure no alpha would ever feel like this.

Will arched and moaned when the tentacle finally slid inside him. He could feel the coolness of it slowly warming, the drag of the small suckers when it pulled out a little as Hannibal rocked his hips.

"Sweet boy," Hannibal muttered with the same awe that Will felt, as he peppered Will's face and neck with gentle, nipping kisses.

Will whimpered and sighed, the feeling of being so full was as blissful as it would be for any omega, but more than that. The way the tentacle undulated inside him, it was a pleasure he wasn't sure he'd get from another alpha. And it all the more drove him towards his basic omegan instincts.

"Breed me," Will muttered the plea, almost mindless in his desire to be used as a good omega should.

"Hmm," Hannibal hummed, taking Will's mouth in a deep and passionate kiss as he worked his tentacle deeper, pining Will down and moving above him.

"Oh god, oh god," Will gasped against Hannibal's mouth as the pleasure rippled over him in waves, building towards a climax he was sure could be the death of him.

"Your kind knot, is that correct?" Hannibal asked, breathless as he thrust. "Mine do not, but I can try to mimic one for you, if that might satisfy?" As he spoke, Hannibal contracted and pulsed the tentacle inside Will, resulting in a thickening where a knot should be.

It wasn't identical in the least as far as Will knew from porn and his own toys, yet it had Will coming with a sob.

Will cried out as his whole body shook, his fingers dug into Hannibal's scales as he clutched at his arms. Hannibal continued to thrust harder and deeper into him, his tentacle continuing to knot him as Hannibal chased his own pleasure.

"I will be gentle," Hannibal muttered as he curled his body around Will's, holding the omega tight as he went deeper.

The pain of Hannibal's tentacle breaching his cervix made Will almost blackout. He felt a wave of sickness roll over him just for a moment, and then it was gone, as though he was now numb to the intrusion.

"Such a good, sweet boy." Hannibal praised as he stilled and shuddered, coming deep inside the omega.

And then Will felt it. The first egg travelled along Hannibal's appendage, widening as it went, bringing Will almost to the brink of another orgasm as it traveled through his slick channel.

Will groaned and his eyes rolled as his belly began to bulge ever so slightly. The feeling of the pressure of the egg against his bladder was strangely arousing, and made him blush again. The second egg did not feel as big and yet the pleasure had Will writhing and panting. The third egg was the biggest so far.

As it passed into Will's channel, pressing his o-gland, his body registering it as the best knot he'd ever taken, he came again with a scream. It went on and on for waves, more pleasure cascading as the egg continued on it's way. And then, when the egg joined it's siblings in his womb, the pressure caused Will to lose control of his bladder.

The release, flooding the bed with urine, was such a welcome one that Will came again. Shaking and sobbing, his slick and come mixed with his piss. The whole bed a mess that he should be ashamed off, but his cheeks didn't even burn now. Instead he cried and shook with pleasure as Hannibal gentled him and began to slowly withdraw.

"You did so well, took me so well." Hannibal murmured, stroking his rough hands over Will's now distended belly.

Will nodded, too exhausted to respond further than that. All he could register was Hannibal holding him, lovingly whispering praise as he stroked Will's belly until Will was purring.

Will must have fallen asleep, when he woke he thought Hannibal was gone, but then he realised the creature had stripped the bed and rolled Will into a wrap of blankets, almost like a nest. He sat next to the bed and began stroking Will's brow when he came to.

"The sun is almost up, I must go." Hannibal rumbled the words. "I will be back tomorrow night, sweet boy, to collect my children. And you as well if you so wish it."

*

Exhausted and heavy, Will had spent the day in bed, appreciating the cooling breeze now the sun had gone down.

Will felt a pain across his abdomen, radiating downwards. Sharp and momentary. And then it happened again, and again. He could feel that he was dialating and that something was descending. He was sure that true childbirth was not like this, and he was somewhat grateful that it seemed to be because the eggs were smaller than birthing a child.

He felt the uncontrollable urge to push, wasn't able to not do so. Will bore down.

Will cried out as, suddenly, the first egg slipped from him and onto his bed with a wet thud. His legs spread wide, he looked down to see the leathery sac, pulsing as though something inside it writhed. Before he could study it any further he was wracked with more pain, this time a bigger egg and it stretched him as he pushed.

“My sweet boy,” The words were crooned against his ear, in the commotion he hadn’t heard the creature return. But now tentacles wrapped around him and the soft lips were against his cheek. “You’re doing so well.”

Will groaned, his cheeks burning at the arousal he felt in response.

“Don’t be embarrassed by the way you respond to me, it will ease the way.” Hannibal soothed him, and he was right, as Will grew slick the egg slipped out. It felt almost pleasurable and his cheeks burned all the more as the creature chuckled.

Will moaned as the smallest of Hannibal’s tentacles wrapped softly around his small cock, stroking so gently it made Will moan. He could feel the contractions coming, making him push, but also clenching around the egg as it travelled down his channel.

It hadn’t occurred to him until that moment how much it would feel like being fucked and knotted. If there was one thing an omega craved it was to have something thick and hard filling them up. And so his body gripped the egg, even as he tried to push, clenching around it like it would a knot.

When Will whined, Hannibal stroked his hair.

“You’re doing so well, sweet boy.” He encouraged.

“I can’t push it, it’s stuck…” Will’s words ended in a moan as the egg was drawn slightly back towards his womb.

“Let me help you,” Hannibal crooned, his gentle stroking stopped and his fingers moved down Will’s slick folds, pushing his fingers inside.

At first, Will thought he was going to help pull the egg out, but instead his fingers sought Will’s o-spot and stroked over it. Will gasped and arched, writhing as Hannibal did it again and again.

As Will’s climax approached the egg descended, being pushed along by the pleasurable tremors within the omega. As it reached his slick entrance, Will cried out, feeling the stretch of his pussy around it, his eyes rolling with pleasure.

Hannibal took hold of the egg and pulled it almost the whole way out. And then pushed it back in a little. Will sobbed with pleasure as Hannibal fucked him with the egg until he was so unbelievably slick that there was almost no friction at all. Only then did Hannibal let the egg slide out and settle onto the bed alongside its sibling.

Will was panting and crying silent tears that ran down his cheeks, so overwhelmed by the experience but also not wanting it to end.

“One more my darling,” Hannibal murmured softly.

Will sobbed and shook his head, “I can’t.”

“You must, sweet boy.” Hannibal said as he trailed a clawed finger down Will’s shrinking belly.

Will shuddered and understood the threat there. The egg was coming out one way or another.

Hannibal’s hand then flattened against his stomach and massaged. Will could feel the firm lump of the egg against Hannibal’s hand and moving down, and it felt good.

Will groaned and arched, the motion encouraging Hannibal’s hand as he continued to press and massage until Will was gasping and panting, feeling the egg push through his cervix and into the birth canal.

“Hannibal,” Will gasped and clutched hold of the creature as he continued his ministrations, his hand working lower.

Wil’s cock had gone soft, thin omegan come dribbling from his tip, as Hannibal stroked down over it and then to his wet, open hole.

“Push, darling.” Hannibal encouraged, and Will did. Trembling as he felt the egg moving.

It was smaller than the second egg, but caused almost as much pleasure. And as Will tried to push, his inner muscles instinctively worked to keep hold of the object filling him.

“Push it into my hand, sweet boy,” Hannibal murmured as he slid three fingers into Will, slowly fucking him, the egg getting ever closer to his finger tips. “You’re nearly there.”

Will grunted and bore down, the harder he pushed the closer he grew to another orgasm. He was so exhausted and overwhelmed that he wasn’t sure he could come again. Tears were streaming down his face and he nodded, trying so hard to be a good omega for Hannibal.

With one hand Hannibal went back to rubbing Will’s belly as the other continued to fuck into his expanding hole, until his whole hand was inside.

When Hannibal was able to take hold of the egg between webbed fingers and guide it, Will came. Feeling the drag of it inside him as his body tried to lock around it like it might a knot.

Will gushed over Hannibal’s hand, but even his soft cock was spurting, painful and pleasurable at once. It was all too much.

Will arched, his scream coming out as little more than a whisper from his dry throat. The final egg was out and Will’s body already ached with the loss as he collapsed back onto the bed.

Everything went black.

*

Will wasn't sure how much time had passed when he woke.

Again he was nestled in clean blankets and Hannibal wasn't in the bed with him. Without thinking, Will's hands went to his belly, almost flat again now. It was strange how he had become used to being so full in such a short time. Part of him knew he should hate it, even resist it. After all, omegas were always being taught now how different things were, the opportunities they had. They didn't have to end up mated to some alpha and constantly barefoot and pregnant.

Will had hoped to go to college. Study science and maybe go into forensics. And yet now? All he could think of was what it would be like to do this again. To constantly be filled by the lonely creature from the bayou that had sought him out.

Will let out a soft sigh as he lay there in the dark. Alone again. Hannibal and their offspring gone.

He rubbed his belly thinking about the future that could have been, himself in the water with his monster. Will muttered, sadly "You said you would take me with you if I wanted you to."

"And I shall if you wish it, sweet boy."

Will gasped at the unexpected voice from the unlit recesses of the room. Hannibal stepped forward, the dim light showing the green hue of his skin as he held three squirming eggs in the crook of his arm. He reached the other out to Will, webbed fingers stretched and welcoming.

Will took his hand.

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